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when we rested; how we ruled, not how we condescended; and, therefore, in the case of the triumphal arch, or the hereditary palace, if we are the builders, we desire stability; if the beholder, we are offended with novelty; but, in the case of the villa, the builder desires only a correspondence with his humor; the beholder, evidence of such correspondence; for he feels that the villa is most beautiful, when it ministers most to pleasure; that it cannot minister to pleasure without perpetual change, so as to suit the varying ideas and humors, and imaginations of its inhabitant; and that it cannot possess this light and variable habit with any appearance of antiquity. And, for a yet more important reason, such appearance is not desirable. Melancholy, when it is productive of pleasure, is accompanied either by loveliness in the object exciting it, or by a feeling of pride in the mind experiencing it. Without one of these it becomes absolute pain, which all men throw off as soon as they can, and suffer under as long as their minds are too weak for the effort. Now, when it is accompanied by loveliness in the object exciting it, it forms beauty; when by a feeling of pride, it constitutes the pleasure we experience in tragedy, when we have the pride of endurance, or in contemplating the ruin, or the monument, by which we are informed or reminded of the pride of past. Hence it appears, that age is beautiful only when it is the decay of glory or of power, and memory only delightful when it reposes upon pride. All remains, therefore, of what was merely devoted to pleasure; all evidence of lost enjoyment; all memorials of the recreation and rest of the departed; in a word, all desolation of delight, is productive of mere pain; for there is no feeling of exultation connected with it. Thus, in any ancient habitation, we pass with reverence and pleasurable emotion through the ordered armory, where the lances lie with none to wield; through the lofty hall, where the crested scutcheons glow with the honor of the dead; but we turn sickly away from the arbor which has no hand to tend it, and the boudoir which has no life to lighten it, and the smooth sward which has no light feet to dance on it. So it is in the villa; the more memory the more sorrow; and, therefore, the less adaptation to its present purpose. But, though cheerful, it should be ethereal in its expression; "spiritual" is a good word, giving ideas of the very highest order of delight that can be obtained in the mere present. It seems, then, that for all these reasons an appearance of age is not desirable, far less necessary, in the villa; but its existing character must be in unison with its country; and it must appear to be inhabited by one brought up in that country, and imbued with its national feelings. In Italy, especially, though we can even here dispense with one component part of elevation of character, age, we must have all the others: we must have high feeling, beauty of form, and depth of effect, or the thing will be a barbarism; the inhabitant must be an Italian, full of imagination and emotion; a villa inhabited by an Englishman, no matter how close its imitation of others, will always be preposterous. We find, therefore, that white is not to be blamed in the villa for destroying its antiquity; neither is it reprehensible, as harmonizing ill with

the surrounding landscape; on the contrary it adds to its brilliancy, without taking away from its depth of tone. We shall consider it as an element of landscape, more particularly, when we come to speak of grouping. There remains only one accusation to be answered, viz. that it hits at a paltry and unsubstantial material; and this leads us to the second question, is this material allowable? If it were distinctly felt by the eye to be stucco, there could be no question about the matter—it would be decidedly disagreeable; but all the parts to which the eye is attracted are executed in marble, and the stucco merely forms the dead flat of the building, not a single wreath of ornament being formed of it. Its surface is smooth and bright, and altogether avoids what a stone building, when not built of large masses, and uncharged with ornament, always forces upon the attention, the rectangular lines of the blocks, which, however nicely fitted they may be, are "horrible! most horrible!" There is also a great deal of ease and softness in the angular lines of the stucco, which are never sharp or harsh like those of stone; and it receives shadows with great beauty, a point of infinite importance in this climate; giving them light and transparency, without any diminution of depth. It is also rather agreeable to the eye to pass from the sharp carving of the marble decorations to the ease and smoothness of the stucco; while the utter want of interest in those parts which are executed in it prevents the humility of the material from being offensive; for this passage of the eye from the marble to the composition is managed with the dexterity of the artist, who, that the attention may be drawn to the single point of the picture which is his subject, leaves the rest so obscured and slightly painted, that the mind loses it altogether in its attention to the principal feature.

HATS.

"Your bonnet to its right use."—*Shakespeare*.

NEWTON observed this Shakspearian injunction by always taking off his hat when he pronounced the name of God. This was a right use. The grandmother of Guy Faux devoted one to a strange use when she bequeathed her best velvet hat to a nephew. I have often wondered if he went to church in it! The grandeses of Spain treat their sacred sovereign with less respect than Newton showed for a sacred name. It is the privilege of the grandeses of Spain that they may stand with their hats on in the presence of their sovereign. There is but one noble in England so privileged—the head, so to speak, of the De Courcys, Earls of Kinsale.

It is just six centuries and a half since Philip of France sent over a knight to summon King John to answer for the murder of Prince Arthur, or abide by trial by combat. John had no relish to do either, but he looked round for a substitute willing to meet one of the alternatives. There was a gallant soldier in prison of the name of De Courcy. He had conquered Ulster for his master, Lackland, and had been rewarded with captivity because he had not done more. His fetters were struck off, and he was asked if he were willing to be champion for John in this bloody arbitrament. "No, not for him!" cried De Courcy, "but for my country, ay!" The adversaries met, yet did not come to an encounter; for the French knight, not liking the look of his gigantic foe, declined the combat, and so lost his honor. John and Philip, who were together present, directed De Courcy to give them a taste of his quality. Whereupon

the champion placed his helmet upon a post, and cleaving through the first into the second, his sword stuck so fast in the wood that none but himself could draw it out. "Never unveil thy bonnet, man, again, before king or subject," was the cheap privilege accorded him by the economical John; "but tell us why thou lookedst so fiercely round ere thou didst deal thy dainty stroke." "Because, had I failed, I intended to slay all who had dared to mock me." "By the mass," said John, "thou art a pleasant companion, and therewith Heaven keep thee in good beavers!"

It was long the custom for the De Courcys to wear their hat, but for a moment, in presence of their respective kings, just for the purpose of asserting their privilege, and then to doff it, like other men. The head of the family, at one of George the Third's drawing-rooms, thinking this not sufficient assertion of his right, continued wearing his court head-piece throughout the time he was in the "presence." The good old King at length extinguished this poor bit of pride, by bluntly remarking, "The gentleman has a right to be covered before me; but even King John could give him no right to be covered before ladies." The rebuke was most effectual; and De Courcy saw, to his horror, that the entire court, ladies, princesses, courtiers and attendants, were wreathed in a broad girdle of grins "all round his hat."

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Hats have been of divers service in battle. The plumed hat of Henry IV. was the rallying point of his followers. In later times, the head-covering was put to good purpose by a 'cute Highlander. In the Peninsular war, one of the 93d and a French infantry-man came upon one another in a wood. As their pieces were unloaded, they both rushed to the cover of a tree, in order to put their muskets in deadly order; but this done, neither was inclined to look out, lest the other should be beforehand with him, and let fly. At length the Highlander quietly put his feathered hat on the end of his piece, and held it a little beyond the tree, as though a head was in it, looking out. At the same moment the impatient Frenchman reconnoitered, saw his supposed advantage, and, from his rifle, sent a ball through his adversary's bonnet; thereupon the bonny Scot calmly advanced with his loaded piece, and took his enemy's prisoner without difficulty.

I do not know if it ever occurred to any one that hats had something to do with the dissolution of the Long Parliament; but such is the fact. As soon as Cromwell had declared that assembly non-existent, he flung on his hat, and paced up and down the Parliament Chamber. The members, however, were piqued by such truly cavalier swagger, and would not budge an inch. Cromwell called in Major Harrison and the guard. The major saw how matters stood, and he felt at once that he could get the ex-deputies out much sooner by courtesy than carbines. Accordingly he approached the Speaker, and taking off his own hat with much ceremony, he bowed low, kissed the fallen official's hand, detaining it at the same time with such gentle violence that the deposed dignitary was constrained to follow whether the very polite but unwelcome republican chose to conduct him. The major led him out of the hall, we are told, "as a gentleman does a lady, the whole Parliament following." Thus a hat in hand helped to do what a hat on head failed to accomplish; and the Long Parliament resisting rudeness, yielded to gallantry, and was demolished for ever.

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When Sir Edward Coke, in 1645, was trying Mrs. Turner, the physician's widow, as an accessory before the fact in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury (the poor woman had a *penchant* for poisoning people, but we have all our little foibles), he observed that she wore a hat;

and he bade her take it off. "A woman," said he, "may be covered in a church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice." The lady tartly commented on the singularity that she might wear her hat in presence of God, and not in that of man. "For the reason," said the judge, "that man with weak intellects cannot discover the secrets which are known to God; and therefore, in investigating truth, where human life is in peril, and one is charged with taking life from another, the court should see all obstacles removed. Besides," he added, "the countenance is often an index to the mind, and accordingly it is fitting that the hat be removed, and therewith the shadow which it casts upon your face." The hat was taken off; but the lady, although a murdereress, was modest, and she covered her hair with a kerchief.

Had good Mrs. Turner been like the ladies and gentlemen of Natal, she might have puzzled the chief justice. The Natal "fashionables" wear hats of from half a foot to a foot in height, made of the fat of oxen. They first gradually anoint the head with a purer grease; and this, mixing with the hair, fastens these *bonnets* on during the lives of the wearers! Or the fashion of the Myantess would have done. These people carry on their heads a slight board, a foot long, and a half of that broad; with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down or lean without keeping the neck straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they require to comb their hair, once or twice a year, they have to pass a preliminary hour in melting the wax, before they can get their hats off.

Better keep them on than take them off to such poor purpose, as was once observed in the case of one of the celebrities of the Place Royale, Beautru, whose name was a mine of tinsel to the little punsters of Paris, in the reign of Louis XIII. Beautru was bold, haughty, and an inveterate gambler. He was a libertine both as to morals and religion, and the slanderer *par excellence* of his age. Richelieu had a strong liking for him—proof enough that he was not worth the affection of an honest man. His repartees were more spiced with wickedness than wit. One day, on passing in front of a crucifix in the public streets, he, with an air of humble reverence, raised his hat. "Ah!" exclaimed one who saw the unwonted action, "that is what I call setting a good example." "Very good!" cried the scoffer, pushing his hat firm upon his brows, "but you will be pleased to observe that though we bow, we are not on speaking terms."

While people were laughing at this illustration of pride in Paris, London was being sadly scandalized at a royal illustration of obstinacy. When William III. went to church, it was impossible to induce him to take off his hat. He might indeed doff it during the liturgy, but the preacher was no sooner in the pulpit than он went the ponderous beaver, and up fired the indignation of the beholders. William cared not a jot for their indignation. The Dutch wore their hats during Divine worship, and he had not ceased to be a Hollander simply for having become a King of England. Besides, that ancient and scriptural people the Jews sat in their synagogues with their heads covered, and was he not their most religious and gracious king?—and did it not become him to follow the practices of a Biblical race, when the doing so tended to the increase of his comfort, and jumped with the inclination of his caprices? And so the broad hat was worn, and censure disregarded.

Mr. Charles Kean, when once playing Richard, at New Orleans, observed, as he was seated on the throne, and the curtain was rising, that his noble peers wore their hats or caps in his

presence. With his truncheon to his lips he contrived a stage whisper, which said, "Take off your hats; you are in the presence of the king." "And what of that?" roared high-reaching Buckingham, looking round at the audience, and smacking his own cap tighter on his circumspect head; "what of that? I guess we know nothing of kings in this country." The New Orleaners were in raptures, and the king sat corrected.

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When round hats came in, at first merely for morning or undress wear, but finally became a *fait accompli*, like that other little matter, the French Revolution, all the young wearers of them (and there were, at first, no others) were denounced as "blackguards" and "highwaymen." The youthful votaries of fashion retorted by nicknaming the three-cornered hats, as "Eg-ham, Staines, and Windsor," in allusion to the three-fingered road-post pointing in that tripartite direction. The flat, folding, crescent-shaped beaver, called a cocked or an opera hat, was still to be seen as late as 1818; and a party of gentlemen returning on foot from Almack's on a summer's morning, with pantaloons tight as the Venetian standard-bearer's, and hats cocked according to the mode, presented a rather martial look. Since that time the round hat has gained headway; even coachmen only wear the old cocked covering on state occasions; and the ugliest article that ever could be devised for the purpose seems to be planted upon our unwilling brows for ever.—*Habits and Men.*

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Translated from Th. HAGEN'S "Civilisation und Musik."

It has often been said that a singing people are very weak, and not at all to be feared; and for this reason the German and Italian nations have been permitted to sing as much as they pleased. Some friends of political progress, some champions of the rights of man, may, therefore, perhaps reproach me with supporting the pernicious principles of certain sovereigns, because I advocate the general cultivation of music. Let such be under no apprehension; for I know too well that to place one new weapon in the hands of the enemies of human rights—to aid even unintentionally in any effort to deprive mankind of that which is godlike in their nature, and in violation of the laws of nature to sink him to a level with the brute—is a great crime. Such shall never be reproached to me. No; what I intend, what I desire, is the elevation and the reestablishment of man's dignity.

It is true that a singing people become weak and insensible, stupefied and easy of control, but only when, like the Italians, they give themselves up entirely to the sentimental ballad, or the love romance; when each individual seeks the solitude of the night in which to sing forth his sorrows, real or imaginary, and fanned by the mild breezes of a southern clime, smiled upon by the deep azure of the tranquil heavens, which so strongly invite him to a dreamy *dolce far niente*. But a people who assemble in social masses after their accustomed work is over—who accompany their daily progress in the open day, freely and cheerfully, with invigorating and healthy melodies—such a people is strong, for it is united. Music binds their hearts together and adds to their courage; it unites them, and union is strength. Let three strangers meet and unite in the cheerful song; let them be suddenly attacked by robbers; you may reckon with certainty that each will struggle for all with redoubled courage and energy. There are nations who raise their battle-songs as they throw themselves upon the enemy in the fight, and are thereby so inspired and exalted as to become irresistible, even by superior numbers. Music, therefore, not only unites and strengthens,

but it also inspires; and it is music which has preceded and accompanied the grandest actions of the race which history recounts. It is music which has aided in hastening the emancipation of the human will. It was music that encouraged the French to the storming of the Bastile, and to the overthrowing of that dam of prejudices which had so long obstructed the progress of the world. It is music, which has accompanied the same nation in all the phases of its revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848, and the later *émeutes*—a guiding banner which encouraged and strengthened the struggling down-trodden. How long the French revolutions will continue I know not, but one thing I do know: that people will never demand the restoration and establishment of any one of its withheld rights, without previously singing in full and lusty voice the *MARSEILLAISE*.

Oh! that is a song! It is the magic wand that, with wondrous power, changes the boy into the man! Go to Paris; enter the first best theatre; take the audience by surprise, and sing in the midst of the performances:

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,"

and you will witness something most extraordinary. The whole assemblage, actors and audience, will at once arise, and, as with inspired voice, hymn forth, *Allons, enfans de la patrie*. The children will shout with joy and toss their caps aloft; the women will wave their perfumed handkerchiefs, and an excitement will be raised that will continue long after the verses shall have been sung. And woe to that power that should attempt to quell this excitement in the moment of its might! Let the government forbid the singing of this song as strictly as possible; experience has proved that the *Marseillaise* will be sung to the end, whenever its first tones have been raised in a large assembly.

The effect of this hymn is truly wonderful, it often appears as a judge, descending among men, and demanding an account of their acts. Fools! to think its role is finished. All revolutions, all *émeutes* which have occurred since its composition, have but verified its influence and its importance. The Marseilles Hymn is one of the greatest triumphs of which music can boast: it is the faith and the trust of a nation. O ye skeptics! and you, who think our Art but rivets the chains of mankind, go to Paris in, a time of popular trouble, and assist at one of those uprisings which sometimes occur in the Faubourg St. Antoine, when its inhabitants on some morning have suddenly discovered that they have been wronged. Like a dark thunder-cloud, mysterious and full of foreboding, the people descend the Boulevards, calm and solemn; not raging like a wild beast, but stern and dignified like a tribunal: every moment the mass increases; from all sides they gather and strengthen it, until, at last, they arrive where judgment is to be pronounced. Those in power await them with cannon and bayonets; but the people gaze unmoved upon the weapons raised against them. A pause ensues: the dark cloud which hung in the horizon, now overshadows everything; suddenly the lightning flashes, and the cloud discharges itself. The lightning—that is the *Marseillaise*, which instantaneously is thundered out by thousands of voices, and at once excites the slumbering thought to action. For the result—question history.—*The Musical Gazette.*

THE last descendant of Leonardo da Vinci, the famous Florentine painter, who expired in the arms of Francis the First, died a few days back in the neighbourhood of Roanne (Loire). He was a travelling glazier, says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, and died from the effects of a fall which he had had when repairing the roof of a hothouse.